THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF GILA COUNTY.

Saturday, July 1, 1893.

California's capital will not be removed from Sacramento to San Jose. The courts have decided the resolution of the Legislature for removal to be unconstitutional.

Complete official returns of Chinese registration under the Geary act have been received at Washington, and show that out of 110,000 Chinese in the United States only 13,139 have registered. Of these 4,851, or over one-third, were registered from the first and fourth internal revenue districts of California.

One of the cleverest inventions ever passed on by the patent office is the machine for sticking common pins in the papers in which they are sold. The contrivance brings up the pins in rows, draws the paper into position, crimps it into two lines, then, at a single push, passes the pins through the paper and sets them in position. The machine almost seems to think as it works, and to examine the paper to see if it is properly folded before pushing the pins into place.—Ex.

An exhibit for the Colorado department of the World's Fair is being prepared at Pitkin, Colo. The ore is from the Fairview and Little Hindoo, Jim Blaine, Hindoo and Cleopatra mines. The specimens assay in value from 2000 to 10,000 ounces of silver to the ton, and are very handsome. This camp is attracting more attention just now than any other in Colorado, and is being extensively developed by Chicago and Montreal capitalists. The latest discoveries are in the Sewanee, the Hecla and the Elko properties, which have been incorporated for $1,000,000 each.

Bimetallism in England.

Members of the British House of Commons are signing a memorial to Mr. Gladstone. The memorial states that all the Governments represented at the recent Monetary Conference at Brussels favored the more extended use of silver in order to arrest increasing divergence in relative values of gold and silver and refers to the annual statement by the Finance Minister of India showing his difficulties consequent upon such divergence. The memorial also refers to the severe and increasing depression in agriculture, trade, and industry, and states the memorialists' opinion that the consideration of remedies connected with currency that may be suggested for the alleviation of prevailing commercial troubles has become more urgent than ever. The memorialists therefore ask the Government to re-appoint delegates to attend the adjourned Monetary Conference, and to instruct such delegates to use their best endeavors to satisfactorily solve this important question. At a meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce May 1st a resolution was adopted by a large majority urging upon the Government the desirability of the reassembling of the Monetary Conference with a view to the establishment of an agreement on a broad international basis, in order to secure a stable par of exchange between gold and silver moneys.—Mexican Financier, City of Mexico.

After a seven years' courtship George Bailey, a well to do farmer, and Esther Bailey, his cousin, have made two attempts to get married in Norwich, Pa., within two weeks, and the wedding is off. The ceremony was to have been performed Wednesday of last week, and a large number of guests were present. Suddenly the prospective bride disappeared and was found locked in her room. To her parents' appeals to come out she only replied, "I'm too nervous! I'm too nervous! It'll have to be put off!"

Nothing would do but a postponement to Monday. Monday came and the bride was over her nervousness and ready with the guests. But now the bridegroom did not come. Instead he sent this message: "I'm not nervous. On the contrary, I've got nerve enough to postpone this wedding indefinitely." And it was postponed.—Philadelphia Record.

Theft Revealed by a Dream.

Mrs. Cornelia M. Thomas, of St. Paul, is under arrest charged with having stolen $1,000 from her sister, Mrs. Mary D. Phillips, of Seattle, Wash. The circumstances preceding the arrest are peculiar. Mrs. Phillips was in St. Paul recently. She returned to Seattle and while en route dreamed that Cornelia Thomas had abstracted $1,000 of $2,400 which she had in the lining of her dress. A search revealed the amount $1,000 short. Mrs. Phillips returned at once to St. Paul. Mrs. Thomas was searched and part of the stolen money found on her. The stolen bills were sewed into a belt worn next to her skin by Mrs. Thomas.—Minneapolis Journal.

Watch for Commander Leary.

Governor Brown sent a request to Commander Leary to be in Annapolis, Jan. 9, and receive from the governor the watch that was voted to Commander Leary by the Maryland legislature for his conduct at Samoa. The watch is a handsome gold chronometer. With the chain attached it cost $600. Commander Leary is now stationed at Portsmouth, Va.—Baltimore Sun.

A farmer at Millersburg, Ind., experienced Neal Dow's peculiarly contrary luck last week. He was boring for water and struck a 4-foot vein of good coal at a depth of only seventy-five feet.

It is hoped that the Massachusetts experiment at hatching bicephalous trout will produce a fish that will be just twice as apt to bite as the ordinary trout.

Silent for Four Months.

"On one of my cruises I had a big black West Indian in the crew," said a whaling captain. "One day, for some reason, he jumped overboard. The sea was a little rough, and it was quite awhile before we got the boats lowered, and we lost sight of him. But we pulled back a little way, and I soon saw him swimming with all his might, but in the opposite direction from the boat. I yelled to him, and when he saw he was discovered he made no further effort to get away. And where he was going is more than I know, for it all happened in midocean. We hauled him into the boat and made for the ship. It was four months before we made port, and yet in all that time Sandy, for that was his name, never spoke a word. No one on board could get a sound from him.

"Sometimes he would lie down on the deck and seem to be asleep and some of the crew would slip up and stick him with a pin. At first he would twitch a little and then would not move at all. We made a bed for him down below and kept him away from a knife or other weapon. You could tell him to take the wheel and he would steer right enough, but if you asked him what course the ship was making he was silent as the grave. And when we made the first port he went ashore, and I never saw him again. But some of the crew said he regained his tongue on land and thought he had been 'playing' us all the time. But it was a strange case."—San Francisco Examiner.

News About London Dudes.

I wish to announce for the benefit solely of the youth who desires to be English, that the turning up of the trousers at the feet is quite the thing and indicative of "squally" weather in London; that it is also quite the thing to be very slow, painfully slow, in speech, and that to betray interest in anything or anybody is a serious fault in the makeup. The advice to preserve on all occasions a fixed and stony gaze is trite and altogether unnecessary. I am quite well assured that the man who writes a book on how to be English, if he goes to his grave unwept, unhonored and unsung, will at least have made enough out of the work to defray the expenses of his burial. But I want to say that the thing above all others is to have a small appetite, particularly at luncheon.

In the near neighborhood of the city hall is a "hole in the wall," where many of our most successful lawyers take their midday bite—in some cases a most substantial bite. There was quite a gathering in this resort the other day at noon, when the very latest in London makeup arrived. Leisurely walking to the bar the "Londoner" drawled, "Waiter, give me a bit, just a bit, of toast and a glass of milk." In the silence that ensued upon this light demand, it is related that the waiter, in the excitement of the moment, buttered the toast and neglected to put waiter in the milk.—Washington News.

Looked Too Worldly.

An Auburn man was rebuked for indulging in a pleasantry in a prayer meeting not long ago, but still daring spirits occasionally transgress in that way without being gridironed. It is related at a recent parish meeting in Richmond, Me., to see about calling a pastor, a well known citizen prominent in church affairs took occasion to remark on the apparent indifference of church members to the object for which the meeting had been called.

He had hoped, he said, to see the church membership fully represented, but it was with much regret that he noted their absence. At the conclusion of the gentleman's remarks a woman in the congregation who had grown uneasy under his criticism ventured to suggest that there was a fair representation of the ecclesiastical body present, indicating by a wave of her hand several church members occupying seats in different parts of the house.

For a moment it looked like a knockout in favor of the woman, but the gentleman was equal to the occasion, and straightening up he remarked with his usual gravity, "It may be that our members look and appear so much like the world's people that I did not recognize them."—Lewiston Journal.

Whittier's Resignation.

Here is a beautiful extract of one of Whittier's letters to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps:

I have just been reading Canon Farrar's sermons on the "Eternal Hope," and I agree with him in the title of one of them, that "Life is Worth Living," even if one can't sleep the biggest part of it away. Thee and I get more out of it, after all, than these sleek headed folk who sleep o' night. I quite sympathize with thee in what thee say of the "causes." Against all my natural inclinations I have been fighting for them half my life. "Woe is me, my mother!" I can say with the old prophet, "who has borne me, a man of strife and contention." I have suffered dreadfully from coarseness, self seeking, vanity and stupidity among associates, as well as from the coldness, open hostility, and, worse, the ridicule of the outside world; but I now see that it was best, and that I needed it all.—Century.

Failing Memory.

Leech was at his best as an entertainer in his own home. Dean Hole asked him one day, after Leech had given him a delectable dinner at his lodgings in Scarborough, how he made such good champagne cup. "The ingredients," he replied, "of which this refreshing beverage is composed, and which is highly recommended by the faculty for officers going abroad and all other persons stopping at home, are champagne, ice and aerated water, but in consequence of advancing years, I always forget the seltzer."—Exchange.

A Snake in a Bag of Potatoes.

A man purchased a bag of potatoes at the Cape Town market, and when the potatoes were turned out at his home he discovered that a puff adder was included in the bargain. That viper must have been callous indeed to have expended no venom during its transit, and it is to be hoped that the potatoes were well examined after being in such company. The colonists are wonderfully expert in dealing with such quarry.—Cape Town Letter.

The largest electric locomotive yet built has been finished at Baden, Zurich. It is believed that it will show extraordinary speed, as it is ganged so as to develop not less than 2,000 horsepower.

On a clear night a red light can be seen at a greater distance, it is said, than a white light, while on a dark night, it is claimed, the result is just the reverse.

A LITERAL MINDED MAN.

An Interested Spectator Who Took a Political Story in Good Faith.

The most curious person in the audience of a story teller is the literal minded man. When General Dix ran for governor there was great discussion as to his age. It was one of the controversies of the canvass. His opponents claimed that he was too old to fulfill the functions of the office. Singularly enough, the biographical dictionaries differed about ten years. I was making a speech at Watertown to a very big audience. I was running at that time as a liberal Republican for lieutenant governor upon the same ticket with Francis Kernan. It was an immense outdoor audience. In front of me stood a man who watched me during the three hours of that speech for the purpose of catching me on some material point.

I finally took up the question of General Dix's age, gave the dates of the various biographical dictionaries and encyclopedias, and based a theory on how old he must have been in the war of 1812, where he was a lieutenant, and finally said that the only really authentic data had been revealed by some recent researches in the colonial records of Massachusetts. It had been discovered that when the pilgrim fathers landed on Plymouth rock they found General Dix standing on that historic spot and shouting that unless they made him a justice of the peace he would go over and join the Indians, the point of which was that the general had changed his politics several times, and every time he got an office.

My critical friend saw his opportunity and grasped it at once. He sprang up with a shout that could be heard to the Canadian border, "Mr. Depew, that is a lie!" I looked at him for a moment to see whether he had swallowed the bait, and found that he had taken it in hook and line, bob and sinker, whole and all. Then I stepped to the front of the platform and said with great emphasis and indignation, "Sir, I have told that historic anecdote from Montauk point to Niagara falls to hundreds of thousands of the intelligent and educated people of this great commonwealth, and you are the only man who ever had the audacity to deny it."

"It ain't true, Mr. Depew," he repeated, "because that happened more than 250 years ago." I was told when in Watertown last fall that although this happened in 1872 that man had never been able to come into town since.—Chauncey M. Depew in New York World.

The Waverly Oaks.

The great oaks at Waverly, Mass., are survivals of an oak forest that must have existed in that region, according to the geologists and students of trees, as far back as the Tenth century. They bear every evidence of great age, and an elm tree in the neighborhood, now almost dismantled, with its great limbs lying on the ground and nearly all of its branches decayed, is the most venerable object in the line of trees that can probably be displayed in New England. It is well worth a visit to Waverly just to see this venerable elm. It is immense in the size of its trunk, and its dignity in decay is very impressive. The dozen oak trees in the neighborhood are of the sort that attain a very great age and that maintain their virility unimpaired.

We know of only one other oak tree in New England that can be compared with them. That is located in Ipswich, and is larger and more venerable apparently than any of the Waverly oaks, and that and the Waverly oaks, we are glad to know, have been inspected by the state park commissioners and are likely to be preserved. It is worth one's while to see and study these majestic oaks. They are seen to great advantage in the winter, when their ragged limbs are bare and their immense strength is revealed, and in summer, when they are covered with foliage, they are objects of wonderful beauty.—Boston Herald.

The Poetry of Shopping.

The poetry of shopping comes in with those shoppers who are starved for excitement, variety and beauty at home. It is not lawful; they have no right to do it; but they have no society to satisfy a hunger for the beautiful with jewels and fine dresses on others if not on themselves. They cannot afford the theaters; they go to the shops. They look at the laces and long; they go to the embroidery counters and fancy; they educate themselves in the matter of india shawls; they seek the silkroom, brilliant with gas lights and electric lights, and look at brocades fit for the court of a princess, at silks whose flamboyant scarlets burn in the illumination, whose tender blue is the blue of spring skies half robbed of rain, whose green is the breaking wave of the sea, whose violet is the hue of mountains far away in autumn mists, and they picture themselves or those they love robed and radiant in these tissues. And if the poor shopman is weary when they go away, they themselves are refreshed for a long season of further denial and renunciation.—Harper's Bazar.

A Medical Decision in 1715.

In 1715 a cellar digger having been stifled at Jena, the medical faculty of the university decided that the cause was not the direct action of the devil, but a deadly gas. Thereupon Professor Loescher, of the University of Wittenberg, entered a solemn protest, declaring that the decision of the medical faculty was "only a proof of the lamentable license which has so taken possession of us, and which if we are not earnestly on our guard will finally turn away from us the blessing of God."—Dr. Andrew D. White in Popular Science Monthly.

Strategy.

Small Boy—Mamma wants you to send her up two barrels of those apples she was lookin at.

Dealer—All right, sonny.

"Say, couldn't you pour the two barrels into one big barrel?"

"Eh? What for?"

"Then she couldn't get it through the door of the lock closet."—Good News.

There are 300,000 domestic servants in London. That is to say, about six to every policeman. We really must increase the force, suggests a writer.

A Crew in Durance Vile.

The crew of the Wandering Jew, which recently arrived in Boston, was composed of two Chinamen, a negro, Frenchman, German, Irishman, Swede, Norwegian and an American. Before the vessel had been in port forty-eight hours the entire crew were in jail, being held as witnesses against the captain and two mates, who are charged with having treated them in a cruel manner.—Boston Letter.

Fur for Bald Heads.

Dr. John Ege, Reading's skin grafting specialist, who a year ago or more gained considerable notoriety by successfully transplanting skin from the forearm of a colored man to the leg of a white man, and who subsequently manufactured a dime museum freak by planting a flowing mustache upon the upper lip of a handsome young woman, is continuing his experiments in that direction. The doctor's latest achievement, performed with every evidence of success, is that of supplying a baldheaded man with a covering of hair that a football player might envy. The patient upon whom this operation was performed is Charles Mueller, of Washington, and the subject from whom the material was drawn to cover the bare spot on the patient's head was a Mr. Gertiesu.

Dr. Ege removed from the head of Gertiesu a piece of scalp 1½ inches wide by 2½ inches long, well covered with hair, and replanted it upon the head of Mueller. The soreness created by the removal of a portion of Gertiesu's scalp is almost healed, the doctor having so skillfully drawn the lacerated scalp together as to almost remove all evidence of its removal with the exception of two small spaces, which he purposely left with the view of further experiments. He will cover those spots with hair covered skin taken from some animal, and upon the successful attachment of that transplanted animal skin upon the head of Gertiesu depends the fate of the future baldheaded men.

If the doctor be successful the bald will no longer be compelled to hide their baldness under the old fashioned, uncomfortable wig, but can simply surrender themselves to the doctor and have transplanted to their pates the covering of some other fellow who is willing to surrender his hair for a golden salve.—Philadelphia Record.

A Little French Is a Dangerous Thing.

Several American journals published a recent dispatch from Paris that might easily have been manufactured in New York, in which a coup d'etat, a military revolution and a state of siege, followed by possible executions, were all mentioned, just as if one of the South American republics were referred to, instead of France in the year 1893.

We don't wish to say anything disagreeable to the author of this correspondence, but perhaps he might do well to make himself a little more familiar with the terms used in political language. When he said that the people feared "a coup d'etat on the part of the royalists against the republic" he evidently meant a coup de main, because a coup d'etat can only be made by an established government. It is a violent measure to which the chief of state has recourse when he wishes, for example, to get rid of a troublesome legislature, as in the case of Louis Napoleon on the 2d of December.

At the present time in France President Carnot alone can make a coup d'etat, but the republic has nothing to fear from the grandson of the organizer of victory. As to a pretender like the Due d'Orleans, all that he could attempt against the republic would be a coup de main similar to those which threw ridicule upon the future Napoleon III at Strasburg and Boulogne, and, moreover, Louis Napoleon had partisans in the army, which is more than can be said of the Due d'Orleans.—New York Courrier des Etats Unis.

Wild Horses in British Columbia.

In an area of about fifteen miles square below Trout creek there is estimated to be a band of at least 700 wild horses, which are not only eating off the range, but becoming a more direct source of loss to stock owners. As an instance of this it may be mentioned that a mare belonging to George Barclay and valued at $150, together with a valuable filly, were enticed into the band recently.

The government, so far, though several times petitioned, seems indisposed to tackle the wild horse question or give permission to settlers to shoot down these miserable cayuses, thinking that they are all claimed by the Indians.

The Indians, however, are as much injured by them as the whites, and frequently shoot them down, though certainly claiming some among them. All false sentiment should be put aside in a case of this kind and permission given for a general roundup by both whites and Indians, to take place at a stated date. If this is allowed the wild horse farce will be put an end to without ceremony.—Victoria News.

Death Must Have Been a Relief.

Rose Donahue, who died at Pawtucket, R. I., a few days ago, had been bedridden, it is said, for thirty-eight years. The deceased was remarkable for her memory and intelligence. When she was nine years old she was stricken down, and from that time never left her bed. After a time her feet became locked one upon the other and knitted together—the right being concealed beneath the left. Her hands were without palms, and four bits of boneless flesh six inches long on the right wrist and three on the left were her fingers. Her head was abnormally large, and her hair long, and her face and eyes expressive. She was also dwarfed by the disease, and at the time of her death was but three feet in height.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Bridging the Tiber.

"O Tiber, Father Tiber, to whom the Romans pray!" exclaims the brave Horatius on the bridge, in Macaulay's stirring ballad. The "brave Horatius" would have had still more reason to apostrophize the Tiber had he lived in these days and seen the Tiber embankment now approaching to completion. Taken in conjunction with the series of magnificent new bridges which form part of the scheme, it is described as decidedly the grandest work undertaken in Rome by the Italian government. The Ponte Margharita, a fine bridge constructed entirely of stone at the upper extremity of the Eternal City, is already completed, as is the Ponte Cestio at the Tiberine isle.

This latter is a bridge of three noble arches. A curious fact in relation to it is that the stones of the old Roman bridge which was pulled down were used in constructing the new one, and even placed in the very same order in which they originally stood. The Ponte Umberto—a bridge of very great importance leading to the center of the new quarter on the right side of the river, where the courts of law are being erected, is, moreover, approaching completion.

To the left of the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, going down, a new and large road has been made, leading to another fine bridge, which is called the Ponte Garibaldi. Finally, the Ponte Emilio, which took the place of the famous old Ponte Rotto, or broken bridge, is also complete.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A BABY IN THE SNOW.

A STRANGE CHRISTMAS EXPERIENCE OF A TRACKWALKER.

A Railroad Man's Story of a Cold, Stormy Night Over Twenty Years Ago, When the Snow Was Piled in Banks Along the Railroad Track—A Christmas Gift.

"Every time I think of Christmas I think of the year 1872," said an old trackwalker. "That's more than twenty years ago, isn't it? Twenty years is a good long stretch. Lots can happen to a man in twenty years. He could get rich and spend it all and get rich again in that space of time and still have lots of time to spare. But I haven't. I've just staid poor right along.

"But as I was saying, speaking of Christmas always reminds me of 1872. I was trackwalking then for the Vandalia line on a section between Terre Haute and Farrington, in the state of Indiana. That Christmas night was a corker, I'll tell you. I heard at noon from the section boss that the thermometer was 16 degs. below zero, and as night came on it seemed to get colder and colder. It had snowed the day before—one of the deepest in that year—and the engines had had a pretty tough time of it plowing their way through in the morning.

"After they did get by my section the snow was banked up seven or eight feet deep in some places by the side of the track. It was so cold that I wrapped coffee sacks around my feet before starting out, just to keep them from a frost bite. You bet I hated to start out, but I did muster up the courage after awhile. It was about 9 o'clock when I started to go back to Farrington, and the wind was in my face. 'It's a durn poor Christmas for me,' I thought to myself as the wind caught me a belt in the side of the head. 'Here I'm fated to walk this cold track until midnight without even a kind word from anybody to say "Merry Christmas to you." It's pretty tough. I guess track walking is not about the worst trade a man who loves company can adopt.

"As I was stamping along thinking like this, away off ahead of me I saw a sparkle. It's the St. Louis express,' I said to myself, and she'll be rumbling over me at about sixty miles an hour. You had better go out in the snow, old man, unless you like being ground into little bits. Boo! but that snow was deep. Way up over my waist. But when I got down off the track and snugly buried away in the drift I was a heap warmer because the wind couldn't reach me. And the old train came right ahead with a buzz and a roar, and her old yellow headlight getting brighter and bigger every second. It was a train of six or seven passenger coaches. All were lit up as bright as kerosene oil could make 'em. One, two, three, four of the cars whizzed past me. But the fifth seemed to stop. It didn't, of course, but the sight I saw seemed to nail it to my eye.

"A man and a woman. They stood at the rear window. It was open. I saw the man with his arms put out, supplicating like. The woman had a bundle in her arms. Then she didn't have it. The man gave a cry of horror that rang out high above the clamor of the wheels and the rattle of the rails and the creaking of the couches. Something shot down just past my head and landed in the snowdrift beside me. I shut my eyes, but still saw the woman with the bundle and the man with outstretched pleading arms. When I opened my eyes again the train was a quarter of a mile away, with her rear green light growing swiftly into a dot and then disappearing. The wind cut me sharp on the cheek, and five miles off I heard the church chime in Farrington tolling the quarter hour. 'That sight was a dream, old man,' I said to myself as I pulled my legs out of the drift. But the bundle I exclaimed. Involuntarily I looked down in the drift and saw another hole in the snow not the one I came out of, but a smaller one.

"Maybe you've guessed the thing by this time and maybe you haven't. Well, so that bundle was just as cute a 36-pound kid as I want to look upon. Hurt? Well, I guess not a little bit. When I found him he was laughing contentedly as you please and chewing a chunk of snow for a sugar cake.

"Who did he belong to?

"You ten. I can't. I never knew and never expect to know. He had good clothes on and the old little collar of lace he wore was marked with a pretty silk F. He was fat as a Christmas turkey and the biggest eater you ever saw.

"Why didn't you try my durndest? Didn't I spend half my wages for the next month advertising in the newspapers? But no answer did I get to any of them. It seems to me that the man ought to have come and got the child, for he evidently didn't want to see it fired out like that. His outstretched, supplicating arms showed that. But perhaps he only wanted to prevent its being killed. Who knows? Perhaps he was glad to get rid of it, and when he saw that somebody had it all right he was glad enough to leave it to its chance fate."

"What became of the child?"

"Named it Tom after myself. Tom McCormack is a pretty good, solid sort of a name, you know. My family may not be very stylish, but none of them have been hanged anyway. And you see the kid's collar had a T on it. I almost had to name him Tom."

"Where is he now?"

"Trackwalking on the Vandalia, not more than twenty-five miles from the very spot where his little baby head thumped into that snowbank Christmas night, 1872."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Women May Be Masons.

A well known Freemason tells me that women may become members of that order. This is news to me, and will be to most women, if I am not mistaken. After a lengthy search I have also ascertained that women may be Odd Fellows too. Probably they will not wish to, for to be "odd" is to be talked about nowadays.—New York Advertiser.

Cases Against Saloon Keepers.

The reason why excise cases in New York (the arrests for violation of the excise law were 5,600 in 1888, 5,300 in 1889, 4,600 in 1890, 4,200 in 1891 and 3,400 to Dec. 1, 1892,) are rarely tried is because it is almost impossible to get a jury to convict.—New York Sun.

Had Sympathy for the Court.

Charles Townes, who was found guilty of grand larceny in the county court at Canadaigua, is a rather original chap. When he was called up for sentence he made an eloquent plea for mercy and sympathized with the court "for having to sentence an innocent man."—Utica Observer.